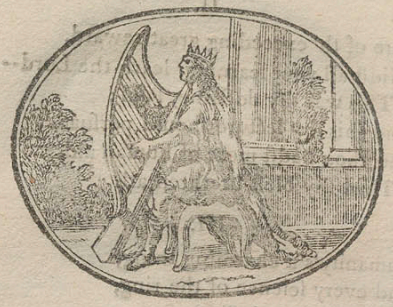

HYMN XVII.

PRAISE.

I.

THO' conſcience void of all offence,
Is man's divineſt praiſe,
A godly heart-felt innocence,
Which does at firſt by grace commence,
By ſupplication ſtays:

Yet

II.

Yet I do love my brother's laud,
In each attempt to pleaſe;
O may he frequently applaud,
" Good child, thou ſoon ſhalt go abroad,
" Or have ſuch things as theſe.—

III.

" This ſilver coin'd by ſweet queen Anne,
" This noſegay and theſe toys,
" Thou this gilt Teſtament ſhalt ſcan,
" This pictur'd Hymn-book on a plan,
" To make good girls and boys."

IV.

O may they give before I aſk,
Suggeſt before deſire,
While in the ſummer-houſe I baſk,
The little lab'rer at his taſk
Is worthy of his hire.